r goal line because of penalties, but the Instance the New Haven men showed remarkable nerve in getting the ball away

Harvard failed utterly in attempts to crack the Blue's defence, and in meeting the assaults of the enemy displayed surprising ess at times. In the matter of forward passes and onside punts there was a lack of team play which resulted fatally, while the poor generalship that was repeatedly in evidence made Harvard's showng below the usual standard.

Vale took all sorts of chances, and in that policy it might be said was the secret of her niccess. So bold were the Yale plays that Harvard was completely puzzled and bewildered. It would be hard to say that there was any week spot in the Yale eleven, with the general result in view, while every man did something or other in the conflict that earned unstinted praise from the legion of followers who are celebrating here to-

The game was free from serious injuries and delays, and while penalties were inflicted, chiefly for holding and offside play, they were impartially handed out. As spectacle the battle was far more interesting to the spectators than those of previous years, the quick movements of the ball and the shifting plays keeping the great crowd on tiptoe in a blaze of excitement from start to finish. It was a perfect day for football, the field was in excellent condition and the as 000 men and women who sat around the four sides of the arena enjoyed an outing long to be remembered. After the game there was the usual celebration on the field by the Yale undergraduates, who, headed by a band, indulged in the serpentine dance, throwing their hats over the goal posts and stopping long enough in their mad career to send up a generous cheer for their beaten foe. It was a fitting windup and closed the day's proceedings in a whirlwind of en-

STORY OF THE GAME.

How the Wearers of the Blue Crushed the Harvard Defence.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 24 .- Yale was confident from the very beginning. A favorite in the betting at 5 to 4, the Blue had an army of backers who tried all the morning to place their money at these odds, but when it came to actual betting Harvard did not care to risk a great deal. From the moment that the Yale mascot, a beribboned bulldog, was dragged onto the field at twenty minutes of 2 o'clock the wearers of the blue tried to bring matters to an issue as quickly as possible.

The Yale cheering brigade was the first to make itself heard. The Yale band blared forth in harmony before Harvard's tooters got busy. Then Yale won the toss just as in the Princeton game, and as soon as Harvard finished leisurely preparations Yale showed that she was first in actual playing skill.

The Yale eleven came pouring through a gate in the low fence around the gridiron a few minutes before 2 o'clock. A royal welcome awaited the Blue kickers, who ran through the signals and then went to the side lines to receive final instructions But where was Harvard? The crowd waited for several minutes before there was a sign of the Crimson team. Then a bunch of burly young men enveloped in long red bathrobes that made them look like a band of Comanche Indians pushed through the surging crowd at the north-east corner of the field and trotted onto the sed. Capt. Foster led the way, and no sooner were Harvard's heroes in plain view than the wildest sort of a demonstration went up from the west stand, where thousands of Crimson adherents were massed in solid array.

Thousands of crimson flags swept aloft in dazzling fashion, while from thousands of throats rang the stirring anthem "Fair Then the long reverberating cheer led by numerous bareheaded young men who seemed ready to throw their arms din, for Yale meanwhile was whooping it up with songs and skyrocket cheers that kent up the spirits of Capt. Morse's men to the top notch.

BATTLE BEGINS WITH HARVARD'S KICK.

Having won the toss the Yale captain seected the north goal because of a fairly strong breeze that came from that direction. The ball was consequently handed over to Harvard, and when Burr kicked the oval high and far into Yale's territory the battle was on. Tad Jones did not move out of his tracks to make the catch and back he came behind excellent interference to Yale's 30 yard line, where Capt. Foster threw him with a vicious tackle. Veeder dropped back then as if to punt, but it was only a bluff, and Knox, who was driven straight into the middle of Harward's right wing, gained only a yard. Again Veeder fell back for a punt, and this time he was in earnest. Right through Yale's defence dashed big

Kersberg, Harvard's right guard, and as Veeder kicked the ball the Cambridge man partially blocked it. Quick as a flash Mac-Donald made a dive for the oval and grabbed it as it was rolling out of bounds on Yale's 45 yard line. It was Harvard's ball, obtained in such a manner that for the moment Yale was dismayed beyond measure, while the Cambridge army, leaping up in the ecstasy of the moment, cried out in frenzy for a touchdown. A neat forward pass by Capt. Foster was deftly caught by Starr, who covered twenty yards before the muscular Forbes hurled him headleng upon his face.

long upon his face.
This occurred on Yale's 25 yard line. This occurred on Yale's 25 yard line, and Harvard was simply crazy with joy. Without permitting the Yale men to have a breathing spell, Lincoln and Foster were driven into the two tackles until the elevens were on the 17 yard line. Just then Yale's buildog got from his keeper and dashed out among the Blue and Orimson legs as if to take a bits of somebody. The bulky Mr. Edwards, however, who was keenly on the alert for all sorts of incidents during the afternoon, applied the rules to the buildog and promptly dragged him off to the side lines by the serual of his neck.

CRIMSON'S DROP KICK BLOCKED. This little mixup caused a roar of laugh-fer that swept round the arena, only to be quickly hushed as Newhall, Harvard's little quarterback, prepared to try a drop kick for goal from the 30 yard line. Newhall received the ball with perfect accuracy, but he apparently took too much time in getting it away, for no sooner had the pigskin struck the ground and was just beginning to soar when Bislow. Yale's alert tackle, threw out his cheet and the ball bounded back over Ner hall shead.

The kick had been blocked, and as the ball

rolled in the opposite direction Biglow, following it like a panther, had a clear field before him, but he did not have the ball, so a mad scramble ensued for it. Biglow grabbed it, dropped it, then made another grab, and finally picking it up successfully he spoiled what would probably have been a remarkable play and perhaps a run for the whole length of the field for a touchdown, for he lost his footing and sprawled out on all fours. Newhall and Wendell pounced upon him then on Yale's 45 yard line, where Harvard's chance to score was gone.

Capt. Morse was unable to make an im-Capt. Morse was unable to make an impression upon Harvard's centre, and when Veeder, dropping back for a supposed kick, began a run for the left end of Harvard's line Lincoln rushed up behind him for a quick tackle, resulting in a loss of several yards. Incidentally Harvard received fifteen yards for holding, whereupon Veeder booted a long spiral punt to Newhall, who made a neat catch and hustled back to Harvard's 40 yard mark.

HARVARD HAMMERS THE TALE DEFENCE.

HABVARD HAMMERS THE TALE DEFENCE.

So fast was the play that there was no time for reflection, and though Harvard was filled with regret at Newhall's failure to kick a goal, the incident was soon forgotten when Foster, Wendell and Lincoln began hammering away at Yale's defence for a total gain of fourteen yards, but Harvard lost five yards then because of offside play, so Burr on the third down punted, his drive being a long twister, which Jones muffed squarely on Yale's 35 yard line.

The ball was called back, however, and Yale received fifteen yards for holding. Immediately Burr kicked it over again and Jones, making a good catch this time, dodged three Harvard tacklers but did not gain a yard, as he dashed diagonally across the field, MacDonald finally dropping him with a savage grip around the neck. On a double pass Veeder was tackled by Starr for no gain and when Knox failed to make more than two yards Veeder, aided by the winds kicked the ball far over Newhall's head, the latter permitting it to roll over the goal line for a toughbook.

winds kicked the ball far over Newhall's head, the latter permitting it to roll over the goal line for a touchback.

H. Jones was slightly disabled in the mixup and gave way to Alcott, who succeeded him at Yale's right end. Then there was a confab among the Harvard men and Capt. Foster rushed over to his side of the gridiron calling upon Fred Wood of Boston to act as official timekeeper.

Mr. Wood was on the job directly, and play was resumed when Burr punted out from his 20 yard line. The ball sailed through the air like a miniature airship and then began to settle. The Yale men seeing that Knox would catch it formed a human fan in front of him and the moment the little halfback gathered in the pigskin, little halfback gathered in the pigskin, he darted off toward Harvard's right end behind magnificent interference.

KNOX DASHES THROUGH CRIMSON FOR 45 YARDS

Although they did their best, the Harvard players who saw Knox scooting along with the ball under his arm could not get within striking distance of him because Yale men loomed up on all sides and blocked them off. On rushed Knox with increasing speed, while the whole Yale section of the field lost its collective head completely. Forty-five yards had been covered by Knox before Wendell made a flying tackle on Harvard's 25 yard line and tumbled the little fellow over near the side lines.

It was a play by the Harvard fullback that prevented a sure touchdown, for had

It was a play by the Harvard fullback that prevented a sure touchdown, for had knox succeeded in passing him nothing could have stopped a score. The Harvard crowd gasped for breath. Such effective play by Yale had not been looked for, and when the Blue battlers lined up in a jiffy to resume the attack the Crimson spirits were at the lowest able.

to resume the attack the Crimson spirits were at the lowest ebb.

Heavyweight Forbes received the ball for the next assault and he made five yards so easily that it looked to be a sure thing for a touchdown. Knox was driven into an opening between Parker and Burr for three yards more, whereupon Harvard's centre, a typical fat man, weighing 220 pounds, staggered to his feet with bellows to mend. Into the thick of the fray in another moment Forbes dashed with irresistible fury and, followed by Morse and Knox with short gains, the ball was finally worked to the 8 yard line. It was the third down with seven yards to gain, and it looked as if Yale was stumped, for Harvard had braced with all the grit the men could muster.

muster.

But right here Yale had a trick that was a beauty, except for the fact that there was a bungle as a climax. The ball was passed to Tad Jones, who turned his back passed to Tad Jones, who turned his back upon the scrimmage, and, running out several yards, he balanced himself and then made a long, accurate pass of at least twenty yards to Alcott, who was within a short distance of Harvard's goal line.

YALE MISSES CHANCE TO SCORE

Not a Harvard man was in reach of Alcott as the ball settled in his arms, only to dribble through them in a such a manner that a sure touchdown was lost. This occurred on Harvard's 10 yard mark, and before the chagrined Yale man could recover the ball Capt. Foster had fallen upon it. Straightway Burr punted the ball out of danger, and Harvard, regaining composure, began to root with renewed courage.

composure, began to root with renewed courage.

A wild cheer greeted Jones's muff of Burr's punt, but it was smothered by an outburst from Yale as Knox dived successfully at the ball near the middle of the field. Morse made three yards through Harvard's left wing, but there was something wrong with the machinery when Kersberg jumped through the middle of Yale's line and spilled Veeder as he was in the act of taking a pass from Morse from a run around the left end.

Veeder, however, made a forward pass on the next play, and as there was no Yale man near the ball when it fell a Harvard player made the mistake of catching it instead of letting it touch the ground. This was bad judgment and caused a wail of distress from the Harvard throng. Capt. Foeters however, made a clever run of

Foster however, made a clever run of twelve yards on a fake kick, and Lincoln in two tries gathered in seven yards and placed the ball on Harvard's 41 yard mark.

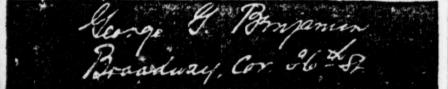
HARVARD'S BRACE INEFFECTIVE. Wendell made a first down in a good dash through Hockenberger and Brides, and for a moment it seemed as if Harvard had struck the proper gait, but when New-hall tried an onside punt he sent the ball a hall tried an onside punt he sent the ball a trifle too far for Starr to catch it, so that Morse was its captor on Yale's 40 yard line, running out of bounds. Veeder split his way through Osborne for four-yards, but when he tried Pierce he was beaten back. Then came an onside kick by Knox. The ball was cleverly placed for a catch by Forbes, but just as the big Yale end was about to grab the oval with a clear field in front of him Lincoln threw his arm around him and in momentary excitement tried to throw him to earth. Forbes wrenched himself free, and in a rough and tumble scramble he finally secured the ball on Harvard's 20 yard line just out of bounds. It was a clear case of holding, but Yale had the ball just the same, and no time was lost in continuing the assault. Jones tried a quarterback run after that and was as slippery as an eel. Across the sale he sprinted losing his halance tried. and was as slippery as an eel. Across the field he sprinted, losing his balance twice as he dodged Harvard tacklers, but in as he dodged Harvard tacklers, but in each instance springing up again to go ahead. Yet after he had covered about thirty yards straight across the gridiron toward Harvard's quarters he was thrown for absolutely no gain. Incidentally Harvard received five yards for offside play, but Veeder got the distance back again with a dash through Osborne.

An attempt to make a forward pass by Jones was easily foiled, for Osborne broke through quickly and grabbed the Yale

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quarterback around the waist with a power-ful tackle. Yale had worked the ball over to a point directly in front of Harvard's goal posts by this time, and Veeder moved back to the 40 yard line to try a drop kick, which, with the wind as aid, looked decidedly

The Yale protection was perfect, the Crimson men being blocked off effectively until Veeder had raised the ball from the ground with a long, soaring drive that seemed to be so accurate that many felt sure that the ball would sail over the crosssure that the ball would sail over the crossbar, but the oval was spinning like the propeller of a motorboat and as it bored its way through the atmosphere it veered off to one side, missing a post by several yards. The goal trial, however, intensified the fact that Harvard was up against a powerful combination of football brains and strength. Out from the 20 yard mark Burr punted and Biglow began a run back after a catch to Harvard's 42 yard line, where Capt. Foster put him on his back. Knox had made three yards through Pierce when he executed a skilful onside kick, which Forbes gathered in on Harvard's 20 yard line.

20 yard line.

Again the Crimson was in danger and again the Blue warriors plunged into the scrimmage with a fierceness that was irresistible. Forbes, practically unaided, slashed through Harvard's left wing for four yards and then the plucky Knox, whose injured shoulder was troubling him, gave way to the stocky Roome, Yale's noted line bucker.

It was just the point where Roome was needed, and without further ado he tore off needed, and without further ado he tore off a couple of yards between Kersberg and Pierce. Harvard received a five yard penalty, however, for offside play and before the ball was snapped back again the elevens were notified that there was five minutes left to play.

Roome made another dash at Harvard's battlements and planted the ball on the Crimson's 25 yard mark, directly in front

battlements and planted the ball on the Crimson's 25 yard mark, directly in front of the posts. Veeder dropped back and nearly everybody expected to see him try for a field goal, but instead of a drop kick he hurled the ball far beyond the end of Harvard's left wing and Alcott, who had muffed a previous pass almost in the same spot, encircled the ball with his arms this time with a squeeze that made the catch as good as gold. as good as gold.
So well did Yale execute this play that three

other Yale men were within arm's length of Alcott when he made the catch, but Capt. Foster, with Wendell behind him, dashed over in time to pile Alcott on his head three yards from the Cambridge goal line. ROOME DIVES THREE YARDS FOR TOUCHDOWN

The betting was 5 to 1 that Yale would score, and in the winking of an eye Roome, with plenty of help, crushed through Harvard's right wing for an easy touchdown. Yale's increasing enthusiasm now broke loose in a demonstration that beggars description. Ten thousand Yale men leaped up waving so many blue flags that the handlers of them were practically concealed from view. Then this immense chorus from view. Then this immense chorus sang with thrilling harmony:

Bright college years, with pleasure rife, The shortest, gladdest years of life, How swiftly are ye gliding by. Oh, why doth time so quickly fly? The seasons come, the seasons go: But time and change can naught avail To break the friendships formed at Yale, To cloud the blue of sunny skies How bright will seem, through memory's haze, The happy, golden by-gone days.

Oh, let us strive that ever we May let these words our watchward be, Wher'er upon life's sea we sail, For God, for country and for Yale."

"For God, for country and for Yale."

Harvard's heart was broken. The Crimson flags had fallen out of sight. The Crimson cheers were out short in swelling throats. Sadness was prevalent everywhere, from the gray haired old graduate to the heedless youth who had come to New Haven to see his first big football match. Under the goal posts stood the Cambridge players looking sheepish and crestfallen. The Yale eleven to them strength which meant their total less strength

VEEDER KICKS GOAL FOR ELIS. On the clammy turf Tad Jones now stretched himself out and poised the ball for Veeder's goal trial. To send the oval over the crossbar was as easy as rolling off a log, and when Veeder did the trick another point was added and the score was

Though inwardly Harvard realized that Though inwardly Harvard realized that Yale had the game already won there was an outward display of encouragement for the Crimson players that was highly commendable in view of the circumstances. There was a cruel Yale grin, however, when the Harvard regiments of choristers burst forth with this brave attempt to cheer up:

A sturdy band goes forth to war, Harvard's spirit leads before, They'll fight till they can fight no more, Harvard wins, old Harvard wins. Lift high the Crimson banner dear, Ring out the sounding Harvard cheer;

We fight to-day without a fear,

Harvard wins, old Harvard wins. Woe to the foe, their doom is sealed: Now they falter, now they yield: The Harvard line sweeps down the field, Harvard wins, old Harvard wins

The Crimson banners float on high, The Harvard cheers ring o'er the sky; We fight to-day; we win or die; Harvard wins, old Harvard wins.

But the battle was under way again and Burr, as he kicked off, drove the ball clear over the goal line. That made it necessary for Veeder to punt out from Yale's 20 yard line, Burr running it back until Forbes, with a raighty tackle, threw him down as with a raighty tackle, threw him down as if he was a schoolboy. Burr dropped the hail as a result of this impact, but he recovered it in a scramble, and as the play was resumed Newhall tried an onside kick and Roome, catching it with not a Harvard man within ten yards of him, travelled back to his 23 yard mark before Starr stopped his headway.

Jones made things hum with a dash around Starr's end and landed the ball

on Yale's 37 yard mark. Veeder could not gain after a double pass, and before another play was possible time for the first half was over.

MUSIC ENLIVENS INTERMISSION. During the intermission both sides in-dulged in much music and good natured Yale persisting in sending forth this discouraging ditty:

Oh-h-h! Alcott, Veeder, Forbes and Knox, Our line is like a wall of rocks.
With Jones and Captain Morse behind
The Harvard men no holes can find, No hope for Harvard.

Ten minutes elapsed before the elevens

came back and this time it was Yale's kickoff. Biglow quickly booted the ball straight
into McDonald's hands and the latter came
hustling back to Harvard's 30 yard line,
where the bulky Roome felled him like an
ox. Burr punted on the following play and
Veeder was tackled on Yale's 50 yard mark.
Roome could not make more than five yards
in attempting to skirt the ends, so Veeder
tried an onside kick. Newhall grabbed the
ball out of the air on Harvard's 37 yard
mark, whereupon Burr, in spite of a poor
pass, made a grand punt of forty yards to
Veeder, who was missed by MacDonald,
but was downed in his tracks by Starr.
Roome smashed out six yards through
Burr, who was laid out for a moment for
repairs, and when the struggle was resumed
on Yale's 30 yard line Tad Jones made a
thrilling rush around MacDonald's end for
thirteen yards. Roome lost some of this
advantage, and with twelve yards to gain
Veeder punted to Newhall, who was thrown
by Alcott on Harvard's 35 yard mark.

HARVARD QUICKLY LOSES BALL.

HARVARD QUICKLY LOSES BALL.

With splendid courage the Harvard players prepared to tear things up with all the strength at their command, but the resolution went for nothing for Capt. Foston ter, as he dived into the line head first, dropped the ball. Brides fell upon it and it was Yale's chance to do some smashing. Morse and Veeder made five yards through Burr and Parker and Morse cleaved his way

through Osborne for three more.
With two yards to gain the Yale captain concluded not to punt, but taking the ball from Jones he made another plunge into Harvard's left wing. The defence braced up, however, and the ball fell short of the necessary gain by about six inches, so it was Harvard's ball on four downs, but before was Harvard's ball on four downs, but before further operations were possible the lumbering Parker limped off the field in favor of Fraser. Then came a booming punt by Burr, which was muffed by Jones, and as MacDonald fell upon the ball on Yale's 50 yard line the Harvard flags sprang up again in a swaying forest. Newhall tried an onside kick, but Starr was nowhere near the ball when it fell and Veeder making the catch, was dropped heavily on Yale's 20 yard line. This showed a woful lack of keen play by the Crimson and groans were heard on all sides in the Harvard grand stand.

grand stand.

Jones tried a quarterback run, but the Jones tried a quartercack run, but the Harvard men came through quickly and getting in his way forced him to try a for-ward pass; but before the ball left his hands Jones changed his mind and hugged it tight, at the same moment tumbling head-long. Jones then burrowed his way through long. Jones then burrowed his way through Pierce for five yards, and with the same distance to gain on the third down Veeder kicked the ball out of bounds at Yale's 51

The oval was carried in fifteen yards and Newhall tried a forward pass. Again there was no Harvard man to take it and Brides, who made the catch, rushed back ten yards before he was stopped, but the ball was taken back at the referee's commond.

ELIS TEAR UP HARVARD'S DEFENCE. Yale began another terrific onslaught, which tore up harvard s detence in a shock-ing way. Roome bowled over Burr for four yards, Morse butted through Fraser for three and Jones, skirting the end, jumped over MacDonald's prostrate body and hurried onward until Wendell dropped

hurried onward until Wendell dropped him with a deadly tackle.

It was a first down and Roome had just torn off four yards through Pierce when Harvard received fifteen yards for holding, which placed the ball exactly in the middle of the gridiron. Roome was beaten back by Osborne for a loss and Veeder then punted out of bounds at Harvard's 25 yard line. At this juncture Starr, who was pretty well used up; was succeeded by Orr at Harvard's right end.

A fifty yard punt by Burr was collared by

vard's right end.

A fifty yard punt by Burr was collared by Veeder, who dodged MacDonald neatly, but fell a victim to a fierce tackle by Pierce. This occurred on Yale's 50 yard line, where-upon Veeder tried an onside kick which was a trifle too long for Forbes to catch, so that when Lincoln got the ball Forbes was on hand to tackle him roughly. Newhall tried the same play, but his onside drive was also too far for Orr, and Veeder, securing the ball, was pinned down on Yale's 45 yard line. Roome failed to gain on a delayed pass and Veeder punted straight in among the Yale substitutes, who were trampled under foot by two struggling rivals for its possession. rivals for its possession

YALE'S GREAT DEFENSIVE GAME.
Yale's defensive game was a thing of beauty and a joy forever and Harvard, fighting against great odds, seemed more puzzled as the time flew by. When Burr was called upon for another punt he handled a bad pass, yet with the Yale forwards swarming around him he sent the leather for another fifty yard journey, the ball rolling out at Yale's 10 yard line.

In this exchange of kicks Burr made a gain of twenty-five yards, but Jones could not gain in a rush around Harvard's left end, for Burr was in the way with a heavy throwdown. Roome was well nigh exhausted and Bomar came on in his place. Jones tried a quarterback run and lost ten yards because of a quick tackle by Mac-YALE'S GREAT DEFENSIVE GAME.

Jones tried a quarterback run and lost ten yards because of a quick tackle by Mac-Donald, and, as Yale also was penalized fifteen yards for holding, the teams lined up three yards from Yale's goal post. Yale had the ball, however, and Capt. Morse, cool headed to the freezing point, ordered an attack, in spite of the critical situation, Bomar therefore was driven through Captain the property of the critical situation. Bomar, therefore, was driven through Os-borne for four yards, and then Veeder punted. Here was a chance for Newhall to make a fair catch from which Harvard could try for a goal from placement, but the Crimson quarterback lost sight of the golden opportunity, for after taking the ball on the fly he tried to run it in and was downed on the 35 yard line.

Harvard was disgusted and the coaches
threw up their hands in despair. With



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MUSIC is never more welcome than on those holidays when families are re-united and guests entertained. The Pianola Piano will be an important addition to the Thanksgiving Day celebration, not only because it provides good music but because it enables any sone of the guests to enjoy the fascination of personally pro-

no delay, however, Newhall tried an onside kick which sailed straight into Jones's arms and the latter ran back ten yards before he was spilled. Veeder punted and when Burr made the catch five Yale men fairly smothered him in an over-whelming agraphle helming scramble.

BLOOD SHED IN THE BATTLE.

The ball was on Yale's 50 yard mark and immediately Burr punted back to Veeder, who fell before a swift tackle by Pierce on Yale's 18 yard mark. Pierce came out of this mixup with a gash over his left ear from which the blood poured down his cheek in a torrent. Pooch Donovan, Harvard's trainer, rushed on to the field and stopped the flow of blood by winding a long adhesive bandage around Pierce's head. This was the only case of bloodshedding during the battle.

Lining up again Bomar secured a yard in a plunge at the centre and Jones, behind good interference, sprinted diagonally across the field for a gain of eight yards; but there was holding by a Yale man and BLOOD SHED IN THE BATTLE.

but there was holding by a Yale man and Harvard received fifteen yards as a penalty, the Blue eleven putting the ball down five yards from the goal line. Kennan succeeded MacDonald at Harvard's left end and the latter received a cheer as he hurried to the side lines. Once more Capt, Morse with iron nerve ordered an attack, which advanced the ball to his 10 yard line before Veeder punted. Again Newhall had the chance of a lifetime to make a fair catch on the 35 yard line and again he passed it up. He caught the ball with not a Yale man near him and began a run of ten yards, which was cut short by Forbes, who encircled the little quarterback's neck with a long muscular arm. A clever for-ward pass by Newhall followed and Os-borne this time was on deck, dropping to grass on Yale's 23 yard line.

HARVARD'S FORLORN HOPE. With five minutes to play Harvard had a last chance, so it seemed, to do some-thing, but Newhall quickly lost two yards on a quarterback run, Lincoln regaining the ground with a dash through Biglow. On the third down Newhall tried a forward pass, but it was such a poor attempt that Wendell was beaten back by Forbes and the ball went to Yale on downs.

Tod Jones was then relieved by Dines, the former receiving an ovation as several substitutes wrapped him up in sweaters and escorted him to a place of honor among them. Veeder's punt was muffed squarely by Newhall, and Forbes, who was all over the field and playing a great game, nailed by Newhall, and Forbes, who was all over the field and playing a great game, nailed it on Harvard's 42 yard line. Linn, who did great execution in the Princeton game, quickly took Bomar's place, and there were cries from the Yale army for another touch-down. Harvard's defence was crumbling slowly but surely. Morse made ten yards in two dashes through the tackles, the weak paints in Harvard's line, and it was a first in two dashes through the tackles, the weak points in Harvard's line, and it was a first down again. Time was called for a moment to allow Werneken to supplant Veeder, who had done nobly and richly deserved the storm of cheers that greeted him as he withdrew from the fray.

Harvard's left wing was a mark after that, and Linn, twisting through it in corkscrew fashion, gathered in fifteen yards before Wendell crushed him. The ball was on Harvard's 25 ward line, and again the

on Harvard's 25 yard line, and again the pale faced Linn, a veritable featherweight,

pale faced Linn, a verifable leatherweight, sprinted through the ripped up Harvard line for five yards.

The little man could not gain on his nex attempt so Werneken was tried and was not found wanting. He made eight yards in two irresistible dashes through Osborne and lead the ball on the 12 very line. and landed the ball on the 12 yard line. CALL OF TIME STOPS ANOTHER SCORE. It was all over with Harvard, so it seemed,

and Yale, bracing for a final attempt, looked to have another touchdown within her grasp, but just at that moment the time-keeper waved his hand, the referee blew his whistle and the game was over.

The rival players cheered one another as usual when down from the lofty Yale grand stand came a human flood. Thousands of delighted Yale men sourrounded Capt. Morse and his victorious players, who were carried off the field in spite of themselves. The Harvard players, battered and heartbroken, were swallowed up in the whirl-pool and forgotten.

Then the Yale Band hopped out upon the

field and struck up a lively march. Behind it formed a procession of wild eyed youths who danced and skipped about in jubilation. Soon 2,000 students, weaving in and our-like a huge serpent, swept around and around the field, led by the band, throwing their hats over the goal posts and causing thousands to remain in their seats to see the fur. As the procession reached a point in front of the Harvard stands the Yale in front of the Harvard stands the Yale men bared their heads and cheered lustily for the Crimson. The compliment was returned and for the moment the Harvard flags, which had not been in use for some time, were waved in recognition. Having circled the field thrice, the Yale procession passed out of the portals and marched into town in triumph. Then the multitude

at the depot and the greatest day of the year for New Haven was at an end. SUMMARY OF THE GAME.

Postions.
Left end...
Left tackle...
Left tackle...
Left guard...
Centre...
Right guard...
Right tackle...
Right tackle...
Right end...
Quarterback.
Left halfback
Fullback... lockenberger. Morse. Right halfback. Mendell Score—Yale, & Harvard, 0.
Touchdowns—Roome. Goal from touchdown—Veeder. Substitutes—Yale—Alcott for H. Jones; Dines for T. Jones; Werneken for Veeder; Roome for Knox; Bomar for Roome; Linn for Boma. Harvard—Kennard for MacDonald; Fraser for Parker; Orr for Starr. Referee—K. E. Hall of Dartmouth College. Umpires—Lieut. Hackett of West Point and W. H. Edwards of Princeton. Head linesman—E. Averault of Groton School. Time of halves—Thirty minutes each. Attendance—35,000.

CRITICISM OF THE PLAYERS. Knox a Tower of Strength to Yale-Harvard's Tackles Weak.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 24.-The luck broke all in Yale's favor. It seemed as if the gods of war were with the Blue in every way. No sooner had Yale's buildog cavorted about the field, half an ahour, before the teams appeared, then a blue dove came flying from somewhere and, settling down in the middle of the gridiron, remained there for fully a minute. "That is a good omen," said the Yale men

of a superstitious turn of mind. "The dove means a peaceful burial for Harvard." Yale was a stronger combination than in the game with the Tigers, every member of the eleven showing a vast improvement. To Knox belongs the credit of breaking down Harvard's confidence. Though suffering from an injured shoulder Knox played magnificent football. His handling of kicks, his passing and punting and his superb forty-five yard run had much to do with Harvard's downfall. Veeder's punting was also a big factor in Yale's

of his life. Morse was never in better physical condition and handled his men with the skill of a field general. He sized up Harvard's of a field general. He sized up Harvard's weak points and soon discovered that the two tackles were vulnerable. Against these two men therefore Yale made nearly all of her gains in line breaking. Morse was a tower of strength in advancing the ball himself and in breaking up opposing plays, and to him belongs much of the praise bestowed upon the victors. Tad Jones also played the best game of his career, his passing was both powerful and accurate and he ran the eleven with excellent judgment.

success, while Capt. Morse played the game

In the Yale line the real giant was Forbes. In the fale line the real giant was forbes. As a ground gainer, a tackler, a heady handler of forward passes and onside kicks he was a terror to Harvard. Alcott after his unfortunate muff, which cost a touchdown, redeemed himself in a way that places his name on Yale's football roll of honor. Paige and Biglow easily outplayed Pierce and Osborne respectively. The Harvard tackles were game, but they lacked expereince.

expereince.
It was about a standoff between the rival guards, with Hockenberger outplaying the corpulent Parker at centre rush. Harvard's ends were fast in getting down the field under kicks, but they handled forward passes in a woful manner. Newhall, Harvard's quarterback, did not compare with Tad Jones. Newhall's blunders in judgment were very costly and Harvard. in judgment were very costly and Harvard men to-night are inclined to heap much criticism upon him. Capt. Foster played criticism upon him. Capt. Foster played a great game in every way, his tackling and quick witted judgment saving Harvard from a worse defeat than she was compelled to suffer. Wendell, heralded as a world beating line breaker, did not shine with particular lustre. He made numerous attempts to show his mettle, but Yale's defence was too much for him. Lincoln was strong in defeasive tactics and did some good ground gaining in streaks, but, like the other Harvard men, he was outclassed.

The new rules worked to perfection and the spectacular style of play was loudly praised by the adherents of both elevens. The officials were competent and impartial.

Excelsior Club at the Game as Usual.

The Excelsior Club of Brooklyn, which has attended every Yale-Harvard football game since the first game at Springfield, went to New Haven in the Pullman car Godwin on the 10:50 o'clock train yester-day. In the party were George W. Chauncey, president; H. C. DuVal, vice-president; Daniel Chauncey, A. R. Fish, H. L. Fish, F. H. Webster, F. Y. Pearsall, Cwo Finest Cailoring Plants Extant

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FIGHT GUGGENHEIM FOR SENATE

McNeill-Penrose Crowd Bring Out a Strong Candidate for Colorado Seat.

DENVER, Nov. 24 .- While Simon Guggenheim, the smelter, was supposed the day after the election to have a clear field for Patterson's seat in the United States Senate. developments of the last week indicate that he will have a run that he will remember, even if he wins the race.

Republican leaders in El Paso county have brought out an anti-Guggenheim man for the Speakership of the House, and behind the defi of the El Paso county people is said to be the candidacy of Clarence C. Hamlin for the United States Senate. Those responsible for the Hamlin talk give it out that the McNeill-Penrose crowd of rich young men at the Springs will take a hand in politics under the Capitol dome next

The McNeill-Penrose crowd is enjoying a career of unprecedented success, having made millions in the last few years. They have acquired gold and copper mines and have gone successfully into beet sugar refining. Their ramifications extend into a number of industrial enterprises, all of which seemingly enjoy the sun of pros-

Clarence C. Hamlin has been much in the public eye the 'ast few years. After the Cripple Creek war Hamlin was elected District Attorney for the El Paso and Teller district. Since his elevation to the office he has pursued a much more lenient policy than was his practice while representing the mine owners. Whether the change was taken in view of furthering an ambition which is now made known by his friends for the first time is a matter of conjecture. Hamlin has been the particular favorite of the mine owners and in other ways he is well favored. He is a son-in-law of Judge Gunnell of Colorado Springs and is a relative of Senator Clark of Montana. In his own right he is wealthy and is an able man.

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